

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor.

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GEN. G. W. C. LEE has resigned the Presidency of Washington & Lee University. It is rumored that the position will be tendered to Hon. Wm. L. Wilson, and the salary raised from two thousand to five thousand dollars.

It is reported the largest carpet factory in the world, located at Yonkers, New York, has closed. Four thousand men are now at leisure. The immense iron works at Zanesville, Ohio, have suspended operations for the present. It is sad to hear of such events so early in the winter. It is to be hoped, however, that in due time our people will adjust themselves to the changed and changing condition of industrial affairs, and be able to appreciate the meaning of Shakespeare's memorable expression: "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

The Hollanders who settled New York are well known to our school children. Miles Standish, the May Flower and Plymouth Rock are perhaps more familiar to our teachers and their pupils than Bible stories. But of their own ancestors, who they were, what they did, what they suffered and what influence the work of their arms and brains had upon the destinies of the American nation, is virtually a blank page to them. It is to be hoped that all this will be changed in due time, that attention will be so directed to this subject of historical investigation, that our people will become acquainted with ancestral history, that they will try to perpetuate the influence of their worthy fathers and keep in mind and practice their principles.

It is cheering to the friends of bimetalism to learn that Senator Wolcott and General F. A. Walker, at Mr. McKinley's request, go to Europe to find out how foreigners feel about having an international bimetallic conference. Their information will be communicated to the President on their return, who will be President by that time. If their report is favorable, then steps will be taken at once for the conference. If unfavorable, then the President, may be supposed, will feel justified for doing nothing in the matter, but give his time and attention to the tariff and all that it implies. It is hoped by the friends of bimetalism, of all parties, that Messrs Wolcott and Walker may find a sentiment so influential as may lean to the conference at an early day, and the President may be relied on to push the matter to a conclusion. Four members of the Salisbury administration in England are bimetalists. The Bimetallic League of Great Britain has for its members some of the most influential financiers of the kingdom. Public sentiment in France is overwhelmingly friendly to bimetalism, for it brought the republic triumphant and solvent through a long monetary crisis that severely injured other nations. It was bimetalism that helped France to pay the German war debt comparatively easy and without a heavy strain upon her resources. The people of Germany are anxious for a change from their gold standard to bimetalism. This is all encouraging, but the gloomy part of the money situation comes in sight when it is remembered, that the interests of the money centres in London, Paris, Berlin, Wall and Bond Streets, in New York; and La Salle Street, in Chicago, are unalterably opposed to bimetalism. It looks as if there may be great reason to fear that these money centres may in the future, as in the past, defeat all attempts to secure justice to the people at large, who suffer from an appreciating unit of value. Now if these gentlemen on their return should show that all such fears are unnecessary, then millions of their countrymen and millions of foreigners will honor them with sentiments of highest esteem. Let the issue be what it may, this movement on the part of Mr. McKinley proves that the Republican Party, represented by him, agrees with the Bryan Democrats that the present monetary standard and system are injurious, and that bimetalism is to be desired.

To Tell the Age of a Horse:

To tell the age of any horse, inspect the lower jaw of course; The six front teeth the tale will tell, And every doubt and fear dispel. Two middle nippers you behold Before the colt is two weeks old. Before eight weeks two more will come. Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The out side grooves will disappear From middle two in just one year. In two years from the second pair; In three, the corners, too, are bare.

At two the middle nippers drop, At three the second pair can't stop. When four years old the third pair goes, At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view At six years from the middle two. The second pair at seven years, At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw At nine the black spots will withdraw;

The second pair at ten are white; Eleven finds the corners light. As time goes on, the horsemen know,

The oval teeth three sided grow; They longer get, project before Till twenty, when we know no more.—The Horseman.

The Cleek Family.

As one passes from Driscoll towards Frost the attention is first drawn to the "Lockridge farm," once so noted for its beautiful and extensive meadows and hospitality. Adjoining this attractive property are two or three pleasant homesteads, now occupied by Messrs Peter L. Cleek, William H. Cleek, and Benjamin F. Fleishman.

The ancestor of the Cleek relationship in Pocahontas County was Michael Cleek, who was one of the earlier pioneers to occupy this attractive portion of the Knapp's Creek valley, and came from Bath County. His wife was Margaret Henderson Crawford, whose father was from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and lived in Bath County, near Windy Cove. Michael Cleek opened the lands now possessed by the persons just named, who are his grand-children.

With the exception of two or three very small clearings, it was a primitive, densely unbroken forest of white-pine and sugar-maple. He built a log-cabin on the site of the new stable, and some years subsequently reared a dwelling of hewn timber, now the old stable at Peter L. Cleek's. Near the Cleek gate opening on the public road are the remains of a chimney, indicating the spot where Knapp Gregory, a pioneer hunter, had his camp. It is from this man the creek derives its present name, that flows nearby. This is perhaps the first clearing ever made in the present limits of Pocahontas. The last seen of Knapp Gregory was at the Lockridge fording. His sudden and mysterious disappearance was never certainly explained. The prevailing opinion, however, was that he was "put away" by some reckless adventurers who were here after no good, and possibly fugitives from justice, escaping from older settlements north or east.

The late John Cleek, father of Peter and William, and who was the oldest of the family, could justly remember when his parents settled here. They came out by the way of Little Back Creek, crossing the Allegheny opposite Harper's. His mother carried him in her lap, horseback, all the distance from Windy Cove. Michael Cleek's family consisted of three sons, John, William, and Jacob; and three daughters, Elizabeth, Barbara, and Violet. Elizabeth married Jesse Hall, of Anthons Creek. Their children were William Crawford, lately a merchant at Edray, John, who died in the war; Jesse, Andrew; Margaret, who married and became Mrs James McDermott, on Little Anthons Creek; Eveline married Benjamin F. Fleishman, whose daughter, Margaret, is now Mrs William H. Cleek; Alcinda became Mrs Tyler Stephenson, of Bath County; Charlotte married Frank Fertig, of Anthons Creek. Barbara and Violet, the other daughters of the pioneer Michael Cleek, died in early childhood of the "cold plague," and their broth-

er Jacob died of the same disease aged eighteen years.

William Cleek never married, and spent most of his life with his brother John. The attachment these brothers had, for each other was noticed and admired by all their acquaintances. They never seemed so well contented as when in each other's company. His wit and good humor was remarkable. If all his funny, harmless anecdotes could be recalled and written up one of the funniest books in the world would result, and nobody's feelings wounded thereby. He could be facetious without hurting anyone's feelings, a gift rarely possessed by humorists. He told most of his jokes on himself.

It now remains to make further mention of John Cleek, the eldest son of Michael Cleek's pioneer home. He married Phebe Ann, a daughter of Peter Lightner, who once owned the property now possessed by the families of Francis and Hugh Dever. A sketch of the Lightners is in course of preparation, when more will be said about the venerable Peter Lightner.

John Cleek spent his life on the home farm. His family consisted of three sons, Peter Lightner, William Henderson, and Shelton Washington. The daughters were Mary Ann, Caroline Elizabeth, Alcinda Susan, Margaret Eveline, and Eliza Martha.

Mary Ann was first married to the late Josiah Herold. She was left a widow, and afterwards married William C. Hull. Her daughters are Mrs Patterson Poage and Miss Tokey Hull, near Edray.

Caroline Elizabeth married the late Lanty Lockridge. Her sons are in the far West. Alcinda Susan became Mrs Hugh Dever, and is now in Nebraska. Margaret Eveline married Renick Ward late of Randolph County, now in Colorado. Eliza Martha became Mrs B. F. Fleishman, and now lives on a part of the old homestead, as already stated.

As to the sons of Mr and Mrs John Cleek, Shelton Washington died at the age of eighteen months. William Henderson Cleek married Miss Margaret Jane Fleishman, and now occupies one of the nice homesteads already referred to near the public road. Mrs Cleek was the eldest daughter of B. F. Fleishman, Esq.

Peter Lightner Cleek married Effie May, only daughter of the late Andrew D Amis and Mrs Eveline Amis. The pleasant home occupied by Mr P. L. Cleek is near the original site, across the valley from the public road, and near the foot-hills of the Allegheny. Formerly the main road passed by the old Cleek homestead, crossing and re-crossing the valley for the convenience of the residents. Thus the traveler would cover a good many miles in making but little progress in direct distance, as matters were in former times.

Mrs Eveline Amis, sister of Isaac McNeel, Esq., at Mill Point; and also of the Hon. Mathew John McNeel, of the Levels, makes her home with Mr and Mrs P. L. Cleek.

When a person visits such homes as this group, and others of similar type often to be found, it is gratifying to believe, all over our county, he is prepared to realize the truth of what the poet says: "God made the country, and man made the city." Yet the people will never be satisfied until there be a city at Driscoll, Huntersville, Marlinton, Hillsboro, Dunmore, Green Bank, Edray, Dilleys Mill, or Frost, from the longings one hears so frequently expressed in moving around.

FACETIOUS PASSENGER.—How often, conductor, does your trolley car kill a man? CONDUCTOR (tartly)—Only once.

SHE—I hear you said I talked too much. HE—No, I said you talked all the time.

BI CYCLISTS are advised not to coast in summer or scorch in winter.

"I AM surprised that Jones should turn out such an incorrigible liar." "I'm not. What else could you expect from a man with a hook nose and fishy eyes." (Fish liar joke. Form 11,397.)

The Weekly Letter.

The friends of humanity are cudgeling their brains to prevent the vast amount of misery and maiming that is caused by American girls marrying foreign, no-account noblemen, for whereas their money-making fathers are only worried over the getting of a legal title to as much real and personal property as possible, the daughters have set their hearts on a different sort of an acquisition, and wish to secure legal titles for themselves. It seems to me that the American heiresses lack organization. If they would get together all would be well, and the effete nobility would not be able to bear off a rich tax-payer because she is afraid it will not be good form if she does not marry a titled foreigner, no matter how much of a degenerate he may happen to be.

It is thought that the recent experience of the Baroness Poppenheim, who was a Miss Wheeler, of Philadelphia, will have a good influence upon the American heiresses. This lady, who stood well in the great city of Philadelphia, and who was able to go almost any where there she desired, is not recognized in the Court of Bavaria in any sum whatever,—by which I suppose they mean she was re- manded without bail. That the lovely Miss Wheeler should have mentally blind-folded herself and compelled herself to marry the heavy swelled German Poppenheim, and be treated to the unlovely cold shoulder of a German court, seems a just retribution to a girl who was untrue to herself, her womanhood, and her country.

The late Miss Wheeler must have a depraved taste, for I cannot imagine how anyone who, like that lady, is able to put up at the best hotel in the town, should wish to trespass on the hospitality of the King of Bavaria.

If our girls had a better organization they could very soon make it bad form to marry any nobleman whatever, because it is well-known that if those hoodoo things were worth having our own government would give them to us. Make it a case of *noblesse oblige*, and maybe the fine young lady, whose grand-father dug ditches for a side of meat, will refuse the count and shame the devil. The chances of "Baron Ringworm" will not be worth a "continental" then.

I am opposed to the State of Nebraska legislating against girls marrying any one whose name has a handle to it, for, while it shows how progressive a State Nebraska is, still if you tell the girls that they can't do a thing they will "show you."

There is one point in justice to our opponents, the gentlemen from Europe, that we must mention. We will suppose that once upon a time there was a very beautiful young lady, and she was all that fancy painted, lovely and divine, and she was rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice; and it came to pass that many men sought her hand in marriage, but as yet she had not met her fate. At last, however, at a ball given in honor of the God of Good Times, she was introduced to a good young man, who fell in love with her, and finally, told her that he could not do without her. And she seeing that he was a man amongst men, as well as amongst women; and that he was the only man among the many thousands whom she had seen and studied who could make her really happy; and that here was the life that could complete and content her own, surrendered unconditionally and was glad of the chance.

But then came the rub. The man had had the misfortune to be born poor; and not only that, in a foreign country, and on him had descended a title and a name which had never been dishonored. He stood as the representative of one of the purest and best families of his land, whose fortunes had declined because they had not been restored in the many many questionable ways employed by so many of the great families.

They were happy, and had not taken into consideration what the world would say. A spiteful squib in a daily paper woke the man. He asked his sweetheart if she could bear the publicity that the New York Sunday Gouger would give their affair; but she loved him with the love that casteth out fear, and smiled on his apprehensions. Then came her father howling the Monroe Doctrine, and wishing her to marry his boyhood companion, who was a self-supporting millionaire, a widower with a neglected family of children. He was bald and had a mustache that was too large for his face. He weighed 230 pounds and was of short stature. He had an unholy color about the face, and was always a "wiping of himself" with a red bandanna handkerchief. But why enumerate. The woman did as all true women do, and married the man she loved, and the man who could make her happy.

The New York papers went into convulsions when the wedding came off, but it did not make it wrong for those young people to marry; and they reaped the reward of their pluck by living happily ever afterwards.

WHERE is the man who said the tariff was not an issue?—The New York Press.

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An Incident of Long Ago.

Many years ago, far back in the past, a touching incident came under my observation that I may be permitted to relate. If for no other reason than its intimate connection with one whose name is a household word in the literary world. I mean the name of Mrs Margaret E. Sangster, with whom the readers of THE TIMES feel well acquainted, doubtless. But to my "incident."

Well,—(what would stories, real or fanciful, do without that word!) this is a sad true story, remember. The wintry cold was severe, the ground thickly covered with snow and the river, to boys' delight, as thickly thickened with the best skating-ice. School hours were over for the day, and of course the main attraction for the boys (girls had not dreamed skating then; the world certainly moves, as Galileo might still say, were he alive,) repaired to their wide icy field to have a merry time. Among those boys, and as gay as any of them, was a little fellow named Munson, (Richard, perhaps, I forget his first name), and Munson was the maiden name of Mrs M. E. Sangster.

The exhilarating sport continued until, sadly, the Munson boy struck an air-hole in that Hoosic River. Like an arrow he darted into the hole, and was seen no more. The skating ceased. Men were warned, and speedy, diligent efforts were made to recover my friend "Margaret's" cousin, but in vain. Long ere the poor boyish form was found had the breath of life fled.

This sad event occurred many years ago, but it often comes to my mind.

A Song of Hope.

THE "HULL HOUSE" PRIZE POEM. After an examination of over twelve hundred manuscripts, judges in the Hull House prize competition for people's songs, announced their decision. Mary A. Lathbury's original poem, entitled "A Song of Hope," which received the highest prize, is as follows:

Children of yesterday, Heirs of tomorrow, What are you weaving? Labor and sorrow? Look to your looms again; Faster and faster Fly the great shuttles Prepared by the Master, Life's in the loom, Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday, Heirs of tomorrow, Lighten the labor And sweeten the sorrow, Now, wese the shuttles fly, Faster and faster, Up and be at it— At work with the master. He stands at your loom, Room for him—room!

Children of yesterday, Heirs of tomorrow, Look at your fabric Of labor and sorrow. Seamy and dark With despair and disaster, Turn it—and lo. The design of the Master! The Lord's at the loom, Room for him—room!

WHERE is the man who said the tariff was not an issue?—The New York Press.

Plantation Pictures.

MORNING: "Oh, mis'ry in de mornin' Comes wid de turnout horn. An' mo' an' mo' o' mis'ry Befo' de day is gone! From Monday on to Saddy, Ontell de sun go down, Hit's nuttin' else but mis'ry For all de yeah aroun'."

"I hates to heah dem roosters Befo' de sun is riz. I feel so stiff an' polly An' full o' rheumatiz; I's got de bad plumbago All up an' down my back An' ebery step I trabbels I heahr my knee-jints crack."

"Hit ain't no use to grumble 'Case when dat horn done blow Dar ain't no time to tarry, You got to swing de hoe; You's got to shake an' shiver Wet wid de morain' dew. An' woen de sun gits higher Wid swet wet, thew an' thew."

"Hit's grapplin' wid de tie-vines, Hit's diggin' in de row. De mo' you chop de grass dar De mo' hit seems to grow; My arms an' back is achin'; An' sho'ly I'll drap dead Ef soon dat sun a-shinin' Don't git right overhead."

NOON: "Dar goes de horn for dinner! Whooppae! You heahs it too! Oh, come on, boys, I'll run you F'r home! Come, shake yo' foot! I bets I beats yo' plowmens Upawn yo' swiftest mule. An' doan' mistook dis nigger For nary pokin' fool."

"You sees dat smoke a-quirilin' Above my chimney top? You better jes' believe you Dar's sumpen dare to sop; I smells dat po' k-a-sizzlin' An' tase dat catfish fry— I'll be de fus' to git dar, I bets I does or die."

"Hya! hya! 'O Sam, I beat you! Yo' mule ain't got no pace— De bes' on dis plantashun— Does you know how to rice? Ef dar had been a possum A-bakin' in de pot, I could a' beat de boss's Bay buggy mar's bes' trot."

NIGHT: "Tank Gawd dis is ended, An' when dat yaller moon Gits white an' bright an' higher I's gwine to catch a coon. A heavy dew is fallin', Hit's good to leave de scent; I's gwine to give dem varmint A little worrimint."

"Dar's mis'ry in de moruin'— But bes' lef' dat alone. De res' dat comes wid night-time Is all I calls my own; I'll drap dem stiff rheumatics Ontell de roosters crow. An leave off dat plumbago Ontell de turnout blow."

—Times-Herald.

Our Flag in England.

An English friend of the Companion and of the United States, at Oxford, England, writes to us that when the Prince and Princess of Wales lately visited that town with their hosts, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the stars and stripes were to be seen everywhere. The biggest flag that hung out across the busiest street was the American flag. He says also that at Christmas it is a common custom to use almost as many little American flags as Union Jacks and Royal flags in decorating the Christmas trees. He adds:

"And the school children and other children for whom these trees are got up all know it, and learn to look upon the British and American flags side by side as those of two brother nations. I am not thinking of Christmas trees in any specially 'Americanized' spot (if such there be), but in country parishes and town school celebrations. Curiously enough I never heard any one refer to it or speak of it as exceptional—it is done as a matter of course, as being the natural thing to do."

"It is a sort of quiet, friendly feeling that has long been growing, and finds one of its expressions in this very simple, unemotional shape, but I am glad to think that our children here learn to look upon the American flag as they do."

We are able to confirm this statement, from a pleasant remembrance of numerous American flags displayed in the streets of Newport and Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, through which the Princess Beatrice was to pass on her way to open a bazaar at Carisbrooke Castle in the summer of 1895.

It is to be feared that a similar display of English flags, with the stars and stripes, on a festive occasion in an American city would draw upon those who used them a strong suspicion of disloyalty.—The Youth's Companion.

Pay your subscription.

West Virginia's Lumber and Tariff.

Mr A. W. Winchester, of Buckhannon, told some home folks to the members of the ways and means committee of the house of representatives, in arguing for a tariff on lumber Thursday. Mr Winchester is a practical lumberman, and is an authority with a national reputation.

There has been some talk lately of the committee, but to the committee, Mr Winchester began, the tariff of protection and all the rest of the committee soon.

that instead of a dreamy theorist he was a practical lumberman who knew what he wanted and could come from experience.—He went right at the heart of the subject and remained there until he had told the committee some impressive facts.

West Virginia, Mr Winchester said, is the most truly American state in the Union, and then he got down to business and told what West Virginia needs, and what the matter with one of her great industries, as follows:

We do n't need scientific forestry down our way. The growth of our timber is so rapid that the forests restore themselves without artificial help as fast as they can be cut away. I can show you strips of country there, which used to be main highways and wagon roads thirty years ago, which are now covered with spruce saw logs. Why do n't we use all this timber? Because Canadian lumber comes in so cheap that we can't afford to pay for the labor of cutting and milling ours. The only use we can make of it is to strip off its tan bark and sell that. So you may go along there for miles and miles and see the withered, bare, blighted-looking trunks going to waste, either rotting or offering food for forest fires, and thus not bringing anything in return, but being a positive menace to the whole country around.

Talk about labor. Why, we have in our West Virginia mountain-landers not only the cheapest laborers in the country, but the most skillful axmen. They make every thing they use, from the house they live in down to their coffee mills, with no tool but an ax. And these are the people who are allowed to suffer for lack of remunerating work in the midst of nature's luridance because we haven't any means of keeping out foreign competition. We are supporting the foreign capitalist and the foreign laborer, and letting the best of our own remain in hurtful idleness.

All this is true as gospel. Since the tariff was taken from lumber by a free trade Congress the industry has languished. Mr Winchester's argument is not involved nor theoretical. It is enough to state facts as they are—the actual result of free trade, and it is gratifying to note, according to the newspaper accounts, his speech made a deep impression upon the committee.

The people of West Virginia voted for protection to their lumber and coal and manufactures quite as much as they voted sound money, and Mr Winchester was echoing their sentiments expressed at the polls. Our Democratic friends who do not understand why the state has been revolutionized politically might find an explanation in the lumber camps, where matters are just as Mr Winchester has described them.—Wheeling Intelligence.

MOVING THE WELL.—A family have recently taken into their employ a rosy cheeked Irish maid-of-all-work, say that her blunders cause them amusement enough to compensate for any trouble they entail.

One day, the man of the house stated in Bridget's presence that he intended having a wood-house built on a piece of ground which at that time enclosed a well.

"And sure, sorr," said the enquiring Bridget, "will you be moving the well to a more convenient spot when the wood house is built?"

"A smile crossed her employer's face and instantly Bridget saw she had made a mistake of some sort.

"It's meself that's a fool, I'm thinking," she said hastily bound to retrieve herself, "as cause when the well was moved ivery drop of wather would rin out av it."